

A CONGRATULATION 92

On the Happy Discovery of the *Hellish Fanatick Plot.*

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*



[1]

Come now let's rejoyce, & the City Bells ring;
And the Bonafires kindle, whilst unto the King
We pay on our knees the grand tribute that's due,
O thanks and oblation, which now we renew,
For Mercies that we have received of late,
From Prudence and Justice diverting our Fate.

[1]

The Curtain is drawn, and the Clouds are disperst;
The *lot's* come to light, that in darkness did nest,
Jack Calvin's display'd with his Colours in grain:
And who were the Traytors and Villains 'tis plain:
The Traps that they laid, & the snares that they set,
Have caught them at last in their own silly Net.

[3]

The Foreman himself, that Off-spring of Hell,
In whose wicked Breast all Treason doth dwell,
To the *Tower* was sent, with his Triple Name,
Whilst the Triple-tree groans for his Carcass again.
And many Rogues more their Leader will follow
Unto the same place, whilst we whoop & hollow.

[4]

The Libelling Tribe that so long have Reign'd,
And sowed Sedition, shall now be Arraign'd;
Their Sham & their Lies shall do them no good,
When they come to the tree, there's no shamming
Jan. & Curtis in the forlorn hope, (that wood:
Then *Vile Smith & Care* shall neck the next Rope.

[5]

So, so, let them dye that would Monarchs destroy,
And spit all their Venom our Land to annoy:
If that their Pow'r were to their Malice equal,
And their Courage the same, they'd soon ruine all;
But their Courage is low, & their Power but small;
Their Treason is High, and must have a Fall.

[7]

When *Trojans* of old (our Ancestors) were
in danger of Shipwrack, and toss'd here & there
Great *Neptune* soon quell'd those Rebels & Storms,
Withbrandish'd trident, & freed them from harms;
They fled from his Face, through the guilt of their cause,
As these from our Lion, if he stretch out his paws

Go Devils, be gone to the Region below,
Here's no business of yours, or ought left to do:
No Tempter we need, we can act all our selves,
Without any help from you silly Elves;
For what *Presbyter* acts, he thinks a disgrace
All Hell should out-do him, or dare shew their face.

[8]

For produce all the ill that Hell ever hatch'd,
'Tis nothing at all, when it comes to be match'd
With what has been Plotted by Traytors of late,
Who aim'd at the Ruine of Church, & of State:
By Perjury, Bribes, by stubborning all Evil,
By Murther, & worse Than e're came from th' D.

[9]

Now *Presbyter* come and submit thy stiff Neck,
Thou labour'st in vain our great Monarch to check;
Whose Power Divine no Mortals controul,
But hazard the loss of both Body and Soul:
Then banish for ever your *Commonwealth* hope,
Which tends to destruction, & ends in a Rope.

EPILOGUE.

With Wine of all sorts let the Conduits run free,
And each true heart drink the K. & H. on his knee
No Treason shall lodge in our breasts while we live
To God, and to *Cesar* their Due we will give;
We'll pray with our hearts, & fight with our hands,
Against all *Fanat.* when great *Charles* commands.